UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Race and Heredity

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

Mahatma Gandhi's Influence on Hindu Women

By MADAME SUSHILA-DEVI

Germany to America

(Christmas, 1922)

Poem by BRENT DOW ALLINSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1922 NUMBER 14

GERMANY TO AMERICA.

[Christmas, 1922]

From homes on which the sun has set
To you whose sun is long o'erdue
To melt the lie-hung gloom, to you
From hearts faith-cheated, bleeding yet
From your betrayal—to you we cry:
It is high time for hate to die!
Forgive! forget!

It is high time for hate to die!
Forgive imperial wrongs that wet
With blood and tears the past! Forget
The black blaspheming sulphurous lie
They taught you, and the proud pretense,
When fools fought fools in self-defense
And all asked "Why?"

When fools fought fools in self-defense
And good men perished at the wall
Of hate their rulers reared, and all
Were guilty of the same offense!
Forget the anguish and the pain!
Forgive the blindness of the slain! . . .
A world repents!

Forgive the blindness of the slain
Who perished in that awful net
Of hate and war, and those who met
Defeat and doom on Truth's white plain—
Your prisoners—O, set them free!
Forget! forgive! And let us be
Reborn again!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Christmas!—that's for gifts, in token of friendship and goodwill. And what gift can equal that of a magazine, whose coming every week during the succeeding year, brings regularly its remembrance of affection? And what magazine can so suit the purposes of this goodly company at least, as UNITY? Come, dear friends— hall not UNITY be your Christmas or New-Year's gift this season—a subscription for

Your father, or mother
Your brother, or sister
Your son, or daughter
Your friend
Your neighbor
Your minister
Your town library.

Give to one of these, and you are giving to us also, and thus bestowing twice your generosity! We want to double our subscription list this year, and would get our start now, at Christmas. Help us along!

The failure of Christianity was never quite so manifest as at this Christmastide of 1922; and never quite so "pat," perhaps, the old statement that Christianity has failed simply because it has never been tried! It would take a spiritual miscroscope of enormous magnifying power to find traces of Christian practise in the world to-day. Even our much-advertised works of relief and charity, which are the last refuge of pious hypocrisy, break down utterly at the point where they might take on some genuine Christian character, for they express no love for enemies, and resolutely refuse to offer their good to them that hate us. We have only to read the Gospels with any sense of understanding and sympathy—to meditate seriously upon the sublime ideals of the Nazarene—in order to see by what a celestial diameter we are separated from him whom we call Master. Never, in the widest stretches of his divine imagination, could Jesus recognize in this modern world anything that has its origin in his influence or bears the imprint of his genius. And yet, we take his name, we prate his words, we call ourselves his followers! It is the disgusting hypocrisy of the thing that turns any sensitive soul sick with shame and horror. If we were only honest about our wars and exploitations and robberies—if we only confessed openly our reliance upon force, our love of money, our choice of Mammon and not God—if we only proclaimed our tribal religion, with its dual heaven of numberless foemen for the bloodthirsty and numberless women for the lustful—we would at least have the merit of being sincere, which is the basic virtue. But not even this rag is left to cover the nakedness of our shame. We take the name of Christ, and then go forth in his name to slaughter and plunder our fellowmen. We kiss him, and then betray him! To any one who really knows and would serve the Master, this Christmastide should bring ashes for beauty, mourning for joy, the spirit of heaviness for the robe of praise.

What would we do if we were really Christians? Forgive the Germans, the Turks, and all our enemies, and receive them gladly into the family of nations. Recognize the Russians, and give them every assistance in working out successfully the most far-reaching and fundamental social experiment ever conceived by the human mind. Make the helpless and driven among men—the Armenians, the Jews, the racial minorities

everywhere—the wards of civilization, to be supported and guarded, in homes new or old, until they shall have attained to self-dependency. Free all peoples who want freedom, and thus the right of living their own life. Receive in equal dignity and honor all races, all colors, all creeds, all nations and peoples of the earth, in recognition and acceptance of the "one blood" with which God has sealed the unity of humankind. Join all countries in a league of amity and concord. Disband all armies, dismantle all fortifications, sink all navies, destroy all weapons and ammunition, and thus deliver the world of the perpetual menace of force. End the profit system, the social order which makes it possible and necessary for one man to live by means of what he can gain at the expense of another man. Make the land and all that therein is, the natural resources which minister to the needs of every one, the vast machinery of the social life we live together, the property of all, to be used for the benefit and in the name of all. Enfranchise labor in a new industrial commonwealth, in which, if a man do not work, neither shall he eat; but, if he *do* work, he shall enjoy the fruit of his toil. Abolish poverty and wealth, grant women equal rights with men, protect and cherish children, be kind to animals, love our neighbors as ourselves, do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. If we were Christians, these things would we do, or at least try to do. It is the few who *are* trying to do these things, in the face of obliquy and persecution, who constitute the only Christendom there is to-day. To them be a Merry Christmas!

It was a diverting spectacle—that of President Harding presenting his views on the state of the nation to a Congress which represented or sympathized with that state not at all. It is this fact which probably explains the character of the Chief Executive's message. Realizing that, in this short session of discredited and defeated politicians, he could probably get nothing, he seems to have thought it a favorable time to mention everything that was on his mind. The result was a *pot-pourri* of observations the like of which the country has not seen in many years. Among these observations, however, were proposals for which we have nothing but the heartiest approval. In the present temper of the Supreme Court, for example, a constitutional amendment is probably the only means of securing the abolition of child labor; that child labor should be abolished, goes without saying. A constitutional amendment to restrict tax exempt securities, or better still, to wipe them out altogether, should be passed without a moment's delay. The agricultural proposals, especially as linked with the labor measures, were shrewdly chosen to drive a wedge between the farmers and the trade unionists, whose political merger seems now so threatening to the two old parties, but in themselves they are excellent, and a distinct concession to progressive opinion. As for the suggested law to prevent strikes, which is causing such furious discussion, we are in favor of it in principal, though not at all in the form presented by the President. Strikes must go! They are wasteful and futile; disastrous alike to capital and the public, and most of all to labor. But they must go *not* by legally forbidding strikes, while permitting lock-outs and periodical suspensions of productive industry; *not* by using the police or military power to force men to work, which is slavery; but by establishing, by consent of the governed, such machinery of judicial arrangement as shall enable all trivial disputes to be amicably settled, while releasing creative energies for such reordering of society as shall end the present chaos. President Harding is right in finding the coal and railroad strikes intolerable; but his remedy, while rightly directed, is inadequate.

It was on the Prohibition issue that the President spoke with greatest wisdom and force. "Constitutional prohibition," he said, "has been adopted by the nation. It is the supreme law of the land. In plain-speaking, there are conditions relating to its enforcement which savor of nation-wide scandal. It is the most demoralizing factor in our public life." These are straight words, directed with justice at those so-called reputable citizens who "think (the law) restricts their personal liberty." It is healthy also for the people of the nation to be reminded of the hard, cold fact that "the day is unlikely to come when the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed. The fact may as well be recognized and our course adapted accordingly." Not even the repeal of the Volstead Act is the President willing to concede. "I do not believe," is his official word, "(that) the statutory provisions for (the Amendment's) enforcement are contrary to deliberate public opinion." In this one case at least, Mr. Harding has read the election returns aright, and has thus refused to be stampeded by the loud shouts of the hectic "wets." If anything is certain today it is that this country is "dry," and that it proposes to stay "dry," bootleggers and Babbitts to the contrary notwithstanding. Furthermore, signs are everywhere multiplying that a public, once jokingly indulgent to violations of the law, is beginning to understand that anarchy is anarchy, and that present easy-going habits are breeding a "contempt for law which will ultimately destroy the republic." We are glad that President Harding is planning to call a conference of Governors "with the Federal executive authority" on this question. Out of this will surely emerge a plan of action which will end the scandal which now makes the United States a by-word and hissing among the nations.

The horrible situation in Ireland—reprisals and counter-reprisals staining the land with blood—sets us to speculating as to where and how and why governments, or any groups of men, get the right to destroy human life. By what right does a nation shoot a man for treason, or hang him for piracy, or electrocute him for murder? Legal right, you say! But what is legal right but the consent or agreement of a group of men to kill those who displease them in any thorough-going way, and how does this artificial right to inflict death take precedence over the natural right of human beings generally to enjoy life? For ourselves, we seriously believe that men need to do some fresh and original thinking upon this subject. We cannot see why a hundred, or a thousand, or a million or a hundred million men and women, united in a body which we call a government or a state or a nation, should be conceded permission to do that which no one of them in his individual capacity is allowed to do—namely, commit murder. We cannot see how the wills of many men, as expressed in statute law, can sanctify a deed which is universally regarded as a crime when it is the result of the will of one man as expressed in the passion, or cold reason of vengeance, fear or envy. There is a finality about this business of killing which puts it into a class all by itself and should outlaw it under all circumstances from civilized society. We lay it down as a categorical proposition that a human life should be inviolate. The theological justification of this maxim is the doctrine of the divinity of human nature; the ethical justification is Kant's law that men shall be treated as ends and not as means. From either standpoint, capital punishment, reprisals, lynchings, war, are all to be condemned. They are murder, and as such not to be tolerated.

Credit to whom credit is due! Japan has returned Shantung to China. When the abominable Shantung bargin was struck at Versailles, we believed, in spite of assurances given to the contrary, that the province was permanently alienated from China, and would thus be held forever by Japan. When Japan agreed at Washington to return, for value received, the disputed area to the Celestial Empire (or shall we now say Republic?), and actually to surrender control of the railroad therein, we were utterly incredulous, and asserted that plenty of good reasons would sooner or later be found for delaying or defeating the consummation of the contract. But now, lo and behold, the impossible has been done, the unbelievable must be believed! Here is one international wrong that has been speedily righted—one solemn international agreement which has been honestly carried out. So delighted are we at this amazing spectacle, that we feel not the slightest discomfiture at being obliged to confess that we were wrong in all our cynical surmises and speculations on this question. On the contrary, we are eager for more discomfiture of the same sort—actually encouraged to believe that the disarmament agreements of the Washington Treaty may be ratified by France and Italy, that England may settle the Near-East dispute without getting all the oil-fields in sight—that the Allied premiers on January 2nd next may reach an accord which will save Germany from being strangled to death, that Europe may eventually be delivered from the doom which now threatens. It is interesting to notice, by the way, that it is a wily Oriental people which has thus kept an agreement with its neighbor. Can our western peoples live up to an ethical standard of this kind? It is an honest challenge, worthy of emulation. It might even seem possible for America to regard the Japanese as a civilized people, and proceed forthwith to act accordingly.

The death of Josephine Preston Peabody on December 4th, was a shocking piece of news to every lover of true literature and fine womanhood in America. To the average person, the passing of a poet who could ill be spared at so early an age, was the outstanding feature of this lamentable event. Miss Peabody (Mrs. Marks) was not abundantly productive; she had subjected her art to a discipline, so lightly scorned by the flippant manipulators of free verse, which made impossible a steady flow of words. What she wrote was always carefully wrought, much of it of rare distinction, and one piece at least a permanent addition to the all too slender stock of classic American poetry. We refer, in this latter case, of course, to the famous poetic drama, "The Piper," which won the Stratford Prize some years ago. The theme of this play—what happened to the children of Hamelin after the revengeful piper had piped them all away—is in itself a veritable piece of inspiration. Then is the working-out of the theme worthy in every way of its unique character. The poetry is firm, imaginative and again and again of wonderful beauty; the characters are clearly and sympathetically delineated; the plot is developed with precision and true dramatic power; the piper is himself a great creation, and over all the work is that fragrance of childhood's thoughts and dreams and whimsies, which gives the play a quality of irresistible appeal. Its production, first in England and then at the New Theatre in New York, was in both cases a triumph. Miss Peabody's later work, while uniformly of a high order, presented no rival to "The Piper"; her marriage undoubtedly absorbed energies which might otherwise have poured themselves forth in dramatic verse. And now, when her maturest and freest years were just ahead, she is gone! It is a dire calamity. We venture to say that American literature has suffered no such untimely loss since the death of Frank Norris, or, in poetry, of Stephen Crane.

Race and Heredity

In his recent book on "The Revolt Against Civilization," Mr. Lothrop Stoddard lays the greatest emphasis on race and heredity, while he finds that the only possible remedy for the present world turmoil is to be found in eugenics. In environmental conditions he sees no help whatever, and in education there is no promise that can be permanent. His hope is in a neo-aristocracy, a new eugenic race, brought into existence by selective breeding. Natural equality, democracy, freedom of the individual, he regards as outgrown errors of the past, and no longer valid for the world of to-day. The present chaos he finds is the result of the outgrown belief that we are born free and equal. He regards this belief as little more today than a superstition, which, together with faith in democracy, has ruined the world.

Mr. Stoddard sees in Bolshevism the culmination of a "long series of revolts by the unadaptable, inferior, and degenerate elements against civilizations which have irked them and which they have therefore wished to destroy." In the modern conflict of social forces and civilizations "the ultimate antagonists appear to be biology and Bolshevism: Bolshevism, the incarnation of the atavistic past; biology, the hope of a progressive future." Any of the proposed reforms that have been urged by one or another group of radicals can give no permanent means of progress, according to Mr. Stoddard. What the world needs is a new breed of men, a super-race, a greater number of children born to those of superior physique and mentality, and the elimination of all defectives, at least the prevention of their breeding. The one hope for mankind is in the strict application of the laws of heredity, and the practice of the methods of eugenics.

Mr. Stoddard cannot praise biology too highly. "Biology," he writes, "is one of the finest fruits of the modern scientific spirit. Ripened by the patient labors of earnest seekers after truth, biology has now attained a splendid maturity. Forth from a thousand quiet laboratories and silent library alcoves have emerged discoveries which may completely alter human destiny. These discoveries constitute *the new biological revelation*—the mightiest transformation of ideas that the world has ever seen."

This new revelation is especially directed, in the opinion of Mr. Stoddard, against the menace of the under man. It is not the exploiter of labor, the multi-millionaire, the tyrant who sits on a throne, the man who uses military force to dominate the lives and minds of other men, who threatens the world's future welfare; but no other than the man who is at the bottom of society, the man with bad heredity, feeble mind, who is the inheritor of the savagery and brutality of the past. Against this man Mr. Stoddard directs all his dislike, and he hates him with a very vigorous hatred. For too long has he been coddled with charity and humaneness; but now he should be eliminated as soon as possible. He is not to be killed in battle or on the gallows; but he is to be refused the privilege of breeding his kind. Mr. Stoddard urges the application of two eugenic methods, the negative one of getting rid of the defectives, and the affirmative one of persuading the capable of having more children. He urges that no love of pleasure and luxury should hold back all the strong-minded from having many more children than at present; and he pleads with them in vigorous terms that they are bringing calamity upon the race when they are considering their own convenience and individual interests. Above every thing else is the race, and that can be kept on its upward path only if those capable of having strong and vigorous children born to them do their full duty in this respect. Duty here is to the race, not to the individual. In a word, Mr. Stoddard's book places the greatest emphasis on this one demand made on all parents. The defectives must be got rid of on whatever terms. The capables must be persuaded to bring more children into the world, whatever the inconvenience and the burden to them. This is Mr. Stoddard's gospel. In this way only can the world find its salvation. No other promise of any permanent value lies open before it.

Can we accept this gospel and this way of salvation? The fact is that the future of mankind is not restricted to these conditions. There are biologists and biologists. Mr. Stoddard has presented and defended one biological view, but it is not the only one or that which is the sanest. Environment, education, and democracy have not lost their ancient values, whatever Mr. Stoddard has to say to the contrary. The genuine biologists do not support his conclusions. They may place the greatest emphasis on heredity and eugenics; but they give full credit to the other factors which are basic to civilization. For instance, Prof. Franz Boas, perhaps the greatest of living anthropologists, says in his "The Mind of Primitive Man," that

> historical events appear to have been much more potent in leading races to civilization than their faculty, and it follows that achievements of races do not warrant us in assuming that one race is more highly gifted than the other.

Prof. Boas gives full recognition to biology and heredity, but he gives ample facts for his conclusion that the races are basically on a level, that the white race has no such superiority as to warrant its attempts to dominate mankind. He finds that the culture stage "is essentially a phenomenon dependent upon historical causes, regardless of race." In a word, environment and education are still of importance, supplementing and fortifying heredity.

Mr. Stoddard is not a biologist, and is only an exploiter of what he assumes to be the teachings of

biology. Since many persons are now holding to the same views as his, it may be well to point out what are the opinions of the biologists themselves. For instance, Prof. Edwin G. Conklin of Princeton University, in his "Heredity and Environment," gives us a well balanced estimate of the relations of heredity and environment, eugenics and education. While he places great emphasis on heredity, as do all biologists, he recognizes that environmental factors play their part, and one of considerable importance. The influences of environment and education, he says, do not modify heredity, and make no change in the germinal constitution. What they do accomplish he states in these words:

> All education is habit formation, and good education like good environment is such an experience as leads to the formation of good bodily, intellectual, social and moral habits; it consists in placing the individual in such an environment and bringing such stimuli to bear upon him as to call forth desirable responses and to suppress undesirable ones.

Prof. W. E. Castle of Harvard University, in his "Genetics and Eugenics," a work of first rate ability as an interpretation of heredity and eugenics, also recognizes the value of environment and education. He points out the fact that the English aristocracy have had the very best of opportunities of all kinds; "in spite of this," he goes on to say,

> we find the great men of the British nation usually coming from the middle class, and not from the younger sons of aristocratic classes.

Prof. Castle recognizes the importance of the cultural elements in civilization in this statement:

> As regards the standard of the individual the race has not progressed. Civilization is a matter of collective achievement; it is not a biological inheritance at all, but a cultural one. "We are heirs of all the ages" not biologically, but only culturally. Standing on the shoulders of the last generation we see farther because we are higher up, not because we are taller.

He recognizes the importance of keeping the racial stock sound and free from the taint of disease or racial poison, "but, granting this, the situation is not so alarming as some persons seem to think. For the normal unperverted instincts of the average man have a distinctly eugenic trend."

Another biologist, Prof. H. W. Conn, formerly of the Wesleyan University, but no longer living, in his work on "Social Heredity and Social Evolution," published in 1914, took the position that there is another side to heredity and eugenics. He was of the opinion that social heredity is more important than physical heredity, that nurture or education is of greater value than nature or heredity, that education cannot be replaced by eugenics. He placed the greatest emphasis on those cultural elements which make up civilization, on social organization, industrial advances, educational facilities, and the environmental advances of the race. These two sentences sum up the purport of Conn's book:

> Organic heredity simply gives us certain powers, while social heredity determines what we shall do with our powers. Man is moulded into a social individual by social forces, and whether or not he fits into our society depends more upon the social forces at work than upon the powers that nature gave him.

The same point of view is brilliantly stated, and well argued, in the concluding chapter of Benjamin Kidd's book entitled "The Science of Power." In the several volumes of Prof. James Mark Baldwin will be found an elaborate presentation of the nature and significance of the process of social heredity. In a quite recent volume on "Early Civilization," by Alexander A. Goldenweiser, of the New York School for Social Research, we have another interpretation of civilization than that presented by Mr. Stoddard. Here is an anthropologist who studies intimately the problems of race, culture, social progress, and the origins of civilization. He shows how largely influential is environment, wherein culture affects all peoples, and to what an extent social processes determine the nature and the progress of races.

It must not be understood that these criticisms are intended to disparage heredity and eugenics. These biological forces are primary to the life of the individual and the race. What we condemn in Stoddard's book is his ignoring all other factors than these as having an influence on human progress. Education and democracy are not yet outgrown. Culture capacity may be determined by heredity; but surely, in the long run, as a racial factor, heredity is influenced by culture. In the same way, ultimately environment helps to determine heredity and the nature of the germplasm. What other factor is there that will cause the germ-plasm to bring about better births, which are so much to be desired!

Balance, proportion, rational insight, are to be desired in the study of all subjects. Special pleading, undue emphasis, one-sided reasoning are not to be desired. The scientific method requires that we shall recognize all phases of the subject with which we are dealing. We should not disregard heredity, and we should not unduly exalt it. Whatever its nature and its merit, it co-exists with environment and culture; and its meaning is lost without them. There is no reason why we should exalt the one by condemning the other. Each has its place in human evolution, and we cannot spare either of them.

Prof. Conklin points out that many persons have the germ-plasm and the heredity which would permit of their becoming largely influential in the world, but that opportunity is lacking, and they never come to know their own capacities or meet with conditions which call them into active use. Such persons are of the under men who are a menace, according to Stoddard; but it is not because they lack in hereditary power. Society does not give them the opportunity to develop their native abilities.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

The Joy of Life

XIX.

O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Arthur Stuart Menteth Hutchinson, now forty-three years old, has written five novels. The first of these, "Once Aboard the Lugger" appeared in 1908. Four years later he published "The Happy Warrior," and two years after this second work, "The Clean Heart." Seven years elapsed, and then his superb masterpiece —"If Winter Comes." But note that this charming modern classic was seven years on the anvil. One has only to compare it with Mr. Hutchinson's latest book, "This Freedom" in order to appreciate the role which time plays in the creation of art. "If Winter Comes" depicts life-like characters which move through the story compelled by the inevitable result of their conduct. In "This Freedom" characters like chessmen are moved at the caprice of the author. "If Winter Comes" mounts from climax to climax with the force and grandeur of a great drama. In "This Freedom" there is no such careful gradation. "If Winter Comes" is free from any sermonic load. The heroic Mark Sabre, crushed by conventional standards, still sees the justice and necessity of those standards. In "This Freedom" we have the propagandist using the novel as a medium through which to promulgate his ideas regarding the place of woman in modern society. It is a sermon in disguise. But "If Winter Comes" has more than these artistic excellencies of style and technique. "Its values," says Mr. C. Lewis Hind in *The* (London) *Bookman,* "are spiritual."

In the creation of a single character the retiring and modest Mr. Hutchinson has given to this work the supreme touch of genius. That character is Mark Sabre—an unassuming, self-denying, "puzzling," befriending individual, battling against tremendous odds, yet the love within him prevailing against those odds purely because it is love. It was Socrates who said the test of goodness is what one will do when he will not be seen by either gods or men. It is Mark Sabre who meets that test in the scene of final culmination when his arm swung to and fro, "over the fender—over the fire; over the hearth—over the flames," and he opened his fingers and permitted the crumpled letter to fall into the flames and be consumed. All his life this simple but noble character had lived as innocently as a child, and as careless. His imprudence was only the natural result of his goodness. When the mental crash came as the result of that appalling array of incidents, all perfectly natural and in a sequence as dramatic as it was circumstantially convincing; when his psychic mechanism was unbalanced as a result of those things which had crowded in about him, which had closed in upon him, he acted not logically but in reflex according to the principles of his life philosophy. The tolerance, the sympathy, the "infernal habit of seeing things from about twenty points of view instead of one" governed that irrational act just before the hemorrhage on the brain. As if not satisfied with portraying this remarkable character who lived the Sermon on the Mount, Hutchinson has added this final exquisite touch of showing the brain impaired beyond the power to direct rational conduct, permitting the organism impulsively to act in perfect accord with the moral habits of a life-time. Tolerance, sympathy, love —these guided his conduct while his mind was clear and active, and these continued to guide in the hour when, under the frenzy of those dreadful "knockings," revenge was possible. Why didn't Sabre retain the letter? Why did he sacrifice his own reputation? Because his life-habits of tolerance, sympathy and love caused him in the hour of irresponsibility to perform the divine rather than the human act.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

Mahatma Gandhi's Influence on Hindu Women*

If the American public were better acquainted with the general facts regarding India, it would doubtless be surprised, and deeply impressed with the seething activities of the National Movement. The "unchanging East" has certainly changed. And it is as certainly changing rapidly and beyond conception. Yes, India is now awake and progress is the order of the day. From the East to the West of India, the air resounds with the chorus of advancement. No less do echoes boom with the mandate, from the North to the Southern portion, "Stand! Stand, on your feet and advance!" The air being surcharged with the buoyant life of freedom, each individual thinks, and very rightly too, that he has every right to advance, and better his condition.

In these jarring times, you will find the men astir, moving heaven and earth to gain their demands of liberty according to constitutional lines. And not alone has the "tiresome educated class" proved troublesome and shown itself pushing to gain India's freedom, but even the so-called "inert masses" of India, and the humblest of the humble, are clamoring for their rights. They believe that if anyone can add an extra mouthful towards their lank, ill-fed children, if anyone can solve their intricate problem, it is certainly Mahatma Gandhi, the saint sent by Heaven to remove their ills and to cure the chronic poverty of India. Thus, the "inert mass" besieged the train which happened to carry the Mahatma to and fro, in order to tender their appeals as well as to have his blessing. In reverence, with bowed heads, they listened to his benediction—a benediction which was repeatedly given to both the great and the humble. "Sisters! Brothers!" exhorted he, "Live in peace—in love. Do to one another as you would they should act by you. 'Patriotism based on love giveth life'; so, grant the neglected—the downtrodden the same freedom we claim, nay demand for ourselves. In Unity—in Hindu Moslem Unity—lies our strength, our freedom! Go! Spin and weave. Therein lies your wealth! Keep the silver fast within your homes, within your country. Thus, alone will fields of green spread around, and plenty smile!"

And whilst the air resounds with the chorus of ad-

*Copies of this article, in pamphlet form, may be obtained of Madame Devi, 416 W. 118 St., New York City, at 25 cents each, proceeds to be used for her work.

vancement from both the "educated," and the "inert mass," do you think, my American sisters, that the women of India nod and slumber? Do you think that they are so engrossed in their pots and pans, or rocking cradles, that they are indifferent to the momentous events and changes that are passing before their very eyes? Indeed, like men, women have, happily, been affected by the spirit of the day. True, most of them are illiterate and notwithstanding the "benign administration" of the British, under which India has slept for the past 150 years, the education of women has been stinted and not more than three or four per cent have been given the privilege of even the three R's. Yet the Martial Law of 1919 in the Punjaub caused a general upheaval, a united stir, and has gone far to open their deluded eyes to their precarious situation in life. Awakened! Wondrously awakened, they are marching along hand in hand with their husbands, their brothers and their sons in the National Movement. Yes, Mahatma Gandhi's presence has simply electrified them. He has aroused them from their lethargy and transformed them into women of action.

You will, therefore, find that not only the educated women are determined to go through the fire of life in order to further the progress of their Motherland, but even the illiterate are imbued with a spirit of patriotism to serve their country. Indeed, you will find, that as women in days gone by, worked hand in hand with their brothers to better the condition of their homes, or to defend their country, so even at the present time, women take part in all progressive activities for the welfare of their Motherland—India.

Years ago, before the rich Province of the Punjaub, situated in the north of India, fell into the hands of the British, by the help of Sikh arms, the Patiala State was powerful, and is even now a recognized power. At one time, one of its kings was an imbecile, so that his elder sister helped in the administration of the State. The Maharattas, who inhabited portions of the west of India, were over-running the Punjaub, when to check their encroachment into Patiala, the Princess, with a body of men, met them in open field, and fought till evening closed in. The band of Sikh soldiers was weary from the hard fight and somewhat discouraged by defeat. The elders, therefore, advised the Princess to return to Patiala and gather a larger force for defense. She spoke no word, but with tightened lips slipped off her fine charger. "Ho warriors! cast away your swords," exclaimed she with flashing eyes, "and take—take in exchange my silken skirt. Never—no never shall the daughter of a Sikh, the lion-hearted, turn her back to a foe!" Then proudly walking among her loved men, she tended the wounded and bound their wounds with strips of her soft veil. Next morning, before the sky was streaked with a golden hue, the lion-hearted warriors had fought desperately and dispersed the Maharatta army across the country.

The Sikh women of the Punjaub are of the same clan and many as dauntless as the Princess of Patiala. Their blood courses with the same dash and daring, and above all they are loyal to the core. Since time immemorial, a king has been regarded by the Hindus as the father of his subjects—a father just, a father wise to study the interest of his people, hence he is called "Mai-hap, the father and mother" of his people, whilst, on the other hand, the subject considers it his duty, and an honor to stake his all, even his life, in the defense of his sovereign and his country.

I have already remarked that the majority of Indian women are illiterate. Their opinion is, therefore, generally formed, not from the views of the newspapers or from the thoughtful reading of books, but, from what is rumored abroad, or whatever happens to come superficially into their own experience, so that the apparently peaceful, balmy days under the British flag, have gone far to win their hearts; whilst, the railways running hither and thither, and making pilgrimage rapid and easy, are luxuries beyond description. So, many a woman blesses the British Rule, even respectfully terming it "Mai-hap, my very father and mother"; and showers blessings, "raj bana rahe—may England's reign be long!" for the halcyon days she is enjoying under its protection. But particularly are the women grateful for the spread of education, even though it is sparingly given. And more so are the Hindu widows, who, qualifying themselves as teachers, derive a sufficient sum for their simple wants. The Hindus are a gentle race, and easily affected by kindness shown to them. Many a heart has an Inspectress of Schools won by giving scholarships to widows to further their studies, or evincing special interest in their girls.

Thus, when the late European War broke out, the sympathy, the loyalty which the Punjaub women and others all over India manifested, was not only heartfelt, but the humblest woman set about to render some service to her Emperor, who was sorely beset by a dangerous rival. And in time, when it became known to them that war was being waged between the two royal cousins—the late Emperor of Germany, and their own British Emperor—they felt they were experiencing in their life time a war similar to the great war of India, in which the royal cousins, the wicked Kauravas and the righteous Pandavas, had fought over a kingdom in ancient India. But what evoked the deepest interest, and increased their admiration was that England was making an honorable stand for justice and truth at the sacrifice of her life. Indeed, so intense did their interest in the European War become that no sacrifice on their part seemed too great, so long as it brought success to their Emperor.

Night and day the European War was discussed among them, so much so that at times boys and girls enacted it, when the skirmish usually ended in the overthrow of the Germans, amidst lusty acclamations from young throats "Victory! Victory to the English, great as our Pandavas. They ever abide by truth!" Thus, from village to village, city to city, all life was astir. One man vied with another in the collection of money, or in procuring goods and man-power; whilst the busy trains carried away bales of eatables and woollen "comforts," with the blessings of the loyal mothers and wives. Yes, at the call of duty, the women of Punjaub in particular encouraged their men to enroll under the English banner.

In schools, both teachers and girls kept themselves busy with the making of "comforts" for the Front; whilst many a teacher—chiefly widows—spent their hard earnings over special prayers for victory to their Emperor. Bathing before sunrise and fasting many of them would walk long distances to some special Temple noted for "prayers being answered." Placing small baskets of sweets near the altar, they would with joined hands plead, "Father of the Universe, Thy ears reach far; Thy heart is larger. Give ear to the prayers of Thy humble supplicants. Turn—O turn the tide, and crown the Allies with Victory!"

For the past 17 years I have been running privately an Industrial School for the benefit of Hindu widows, who should be educated, not only to benefit themselves, but to be useful to others as well. At times, some widows arrived at the morning class quite late, and when questioned, one of them invariably answered, "My patron, Guru Govind Singh, detained me. I was pleading with my Saint for my putr—my son," meaning in due deference the King of England, and she was a widow, bent with age; yet with the help of her staff and joyously ejaculating "Jai! Jai! Victory! Victory!" she would, of a morning, do a mile or more to seek the favor of her patron for England. The unbounding sense of loyalty which the Indian women showed was nothing surprising. At the same time the Germans who were attacking single-handed the Allied forces, held their admiration as well. The Sikhs have been warriors for generations, and to hold life cheap in acts of daring elicits a chorus of praise. "Sisters!" remarked one, "the Germans are brilliant men to fight single-handed and face an Allied force. Yes, just like our warriors who slashed right and left, even when their heads were struck off"; and they would fall to recounting by-gone days of valor among their own kith and kin.

Whilst the women were busy in their own way, the moving spirit of the Punjaub was the British Administrator. His movements were meteor-like. Smiling and all-gracious, he journeyed from city to city, puffing up the pride of the people with enthusiastic speeches, and thanking them for their wondrous co-operation in the collection of money, of materials and of recruits. Referring to the gallant deeds of the 14th Sikhs at Gallipoli, he stated at an assembly, "They died a glorious death, but the memory survives as a splendid illustration of Sikh tenacity and Sikh heroism." Yes, it was the Administrator's voice, that echoing forth in the stately mansion of the great, and in the humble cottage of the peasant, influenced the people to make noble sacrifices. His was the guiding hand that drew forth money and men—men to such an extent that out of the whole of India, the Punjaub mustered the greatest number. In the statistics, it will be found that a Brahman family actually enlisted six of his sons, a Mohammedan three, whilst a widow added her mite, consisting of two sons, and when one was wounded, made good the deficit, by enrolling her remaining son. "Be true to your salt," encouraged the widow, as she clasped him to her heaving bosom. "Should you lose your head for your Emperor, doubt not you will obtain the celestial crown."

Thus, the women in loyalty and good faith gave their youths in the service of Great Britain. Even Lord Curzon who invariably sees the golden East through a darkened glass, makes the significant remark in his introduction to the Indian Corps in France, "The Indian Expeditionary Force," writes he, "arrived in the nick of time. That it helped to save the cause, both of the Allies and of civilization has been openly acknowledged by the highest in the land, from the sovereign downward. The nature and value of that service can never be forgotten." Alas! how soon the services rendered in foreign parts were clean swept out from the memory of the worthy officials of the Punjaub, the bleeding garden of Amritsar, where the innocent merry-makers of the Spring Festival were mowed down by machine guns, stands as a witness!

The Ram Lila is an ancient Festival observed year after year, and it usually falls in the month of November. It commemorates the glorious victory of our much loved and revered Rama who after slaying his enemy Ravan, king of Ceylon, is welcomed back to his kingdom, Ayodaya. The Festival lasts ten days, when portions of the sacred epic, the Ramayana, relating to the adventures of Rama, is dramatized or daily chanted; whilst the last scene terminates with the grotesque effigies of the ten-headed Ravan, and his host being set on fire, amidst the shouts of the gathered throng, "Praise Be to Rama! The just ever succeed!"

It was during these festive days that the Armistice in Europe was declared. The long expected news spread like wild fire, removing the weight of anxiety from burdened minds; whilst the women with gladsome faces, and light steps flew from house to house, exclaiming, "Sisters! we predicted success all along! Lo! our Patron, Guru Govind Singh, has turned the wheel of fortune, and crowned the English with success. O yes, the just ever prosper!" And amidst these rejoicings the poor were fed, whilst hundreds of garlands were offered at various shrines mingled with a thanksgiving.

Now that the great tension of the War was over, the women worked themselves up to fever heat with great expectations—hoping something wonderful would come as a result of their loyalty and self-sacrifice. The daily theme of their chit-chat became, "How? In what manner will the British lighten our burden?" "Don't you remember, sisters," remarked an intelligent one, "how gracious Rama was to his subjects. In fact, as he flew in his beman—Aerial Car—from Ceylon across to his kingdom, garlands were dropped all along the route to enrich the homes and fields of his subjects. Our Emperor, George of England, is as large-hearted, and our barns will be filled with good things."

And whilst they surmised, whilst they watched and waited for something good to gladden their hearts, there appeared a star—an ominous star! Not in the heavens, but overshadowing the homes of the people, in the shape of the Rowlett Act, a repressive measure, enacted by the government. Great was the agitation, deep the resentment felt against the repressive measure being imposed on them, after the loyalty manifested towards the English. The Indian members of the Legislative Council opposed it vehemently, so much so that some even resigned their membership in protest; whilst later on Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore, whose poems you well appreciate, sent a letter addressed to the Viceroy of India, asking "to be relieved of his knighthood, as he desired to take his stand, shorn of all distinction, by the side of his countrymen, who were made to suffer a degradation not fit for human beings, and to take the consequences in giving voice to the protest of the millions surprised in a dumb anguish of terror, by methods of administration, without parallel in the history of civilized nations, an account of which has trickled through the gagged silence reaching every corner in India."

Yes, in bitterness of heart the "educated class" cried "Shame! Shame!" to the injustice meted out to India. This class of Hindus had ever been an eyesore to the British Administrator of the Punjaub, and he was maddened to think that his views should be opposed by a "frothy set." The fact that the Punjaub people, whom he had lauded, had been "brother comrades" on the memorable battlefield, and sacrificed their lives in England's defense, was clean gone from his memory. One

thought, one alone, possessed him, and that was not to miss the golden opportunity, before his departure from India, and to strike while the iron was hot. So, forthwith the Martial Law in the Punjaub was enforced to humiliate, to crush the spirit of the "tall-talkers!"

Suddenly darkness enveloped the Punjaub, and filled with terror and consternation, the women barred their doors. In anguish they wrung their hands at the turn events had taken, crying, "Can it be possible that in our dear land which has been specially acclaimed by the British Administrator of the Punjaub for its loyalty and good services, open rebellion has crept up? No never! Or is it possible that the smiles of the Rulers have turned into frowns, now that victory has been gained, and the services of the men are no longer needed? Impossible!" But as they peeped from their windows, and their eyes fell on mutilated bodies of the young and the old, caused by bombs thrown from aeroplanes, wails rent the air. The moaning and the lamentations about the streets were terrible, and the echo of "Alas! alas" with the "thud! thud," beating of the breast, until the very blood oozed out, was ceaseless for days together.

"Sisters!" exclaimed one of the elders among them, "our deeds have angered Heaven! Perhaps—perhaps we were too hasty—too ready, to send our youths across the seas!" "True! True!" seconded another, "God—God has turned his face from us, for throwing away our pearls—pearls of sons! Oh! my heart is withered," and the "thud! thud!"—beating of the breast continued with full force. "Alas! Alas!" broke in a number of sobbing voices, "we fools, have built the homes of others, alas!—to ruin our huts. Oh! we are widowed—our helpless babes are orphaned. But the bombs, the blessed bombs have opened our deluded eyes. Yes, the machine guns have brought us to our senses to hedge in our own homes first and foremost."

Yes, the Martial Law of 1919 went far to awaken the women of the Punjaub to the fact that they had been depleted of their gems, gems of sons. Indeed, the "educated" and the "inert mass" felt in all bitterness that they were regarded by the Mighty in arms as tools, mere instruments, to strengthen the homes of others, whilst they were of no more consequence than blades of grass, to be mown down or trampled under foot, when emergencies were over. Ominous, indeed, was the wrath of the people against the repressive Rowlett Act, and the injustice meted out to the Punjaub by the government. As for the women, for weeks they lay stricken dumb and overwhelmed with anguish.

Fortunately, there was one voice that pacified them; one gentle hand that stemmed the storm of anger, and turned it into a different channel. Amidst the roll of murmurings and lamentations was heard the voice of Mahatma Gandhi, a voice to be remembered, for this saint is the most vital force in the National Movement. Preaching the ancient Hindu doctrine of non-violence, kill not, injure not, even the wrong-doer, he journeyed throughout India, strengthening the Hindu Moslem Unity, and gathering around him earnest co-workers. "Sisters! Brothers! Peace! Peace!" urged he with warmth. "Calm yourself and do no violence. Our rock of defense must be non-violence and godliness. Certainly, the bombs and machine guns have been a tremendous shock to our expectations, but, there is a greater force than those destructive weapons. It is Co-operation—the spiritual weapon. Let us adhere to weapons of Love—of Unity. Yes, let us, Hindus and Moslems, unite in brotherly love and rise to our full height. Patriotism based on Love giveth life. So Sisters! Brothers! set to work. We must learn to be self-reliant, and independent of others; and true success lies in action, spin and weave!"

Bombs had been heard of, but few women had realized the havoc, the agony they created, until before them lay the writhing bodies of the innocent. As for mowing down, with a machine gun, the men, women and children, out on a holiday, and armed with nothing more dangerous than umbrellas and sticks, it seemed to their sense of chivalry an act most heinous, most unmanly. "None may slay the unarmed," has been the honorable creed from time immemorial! Yes, fair fight the women of the martial race understand and will proudly bring out an old relic of their forefathers —a pen and ink sketch of some eminent warrior who had stood his ground and felled down his enemies right and left, even when his head had been struck off; but to strike the "unarmed," was western chivalry—not theirs and difficult to understand.

The widows stricken dumb from anguish moved about more like spectres than beings of flesh and blood. Fasting day by day, and following the terrible custom of beating the breast, in time of mourning, they would certainly have killed themselves by inches, but Mahatma Gandhi's timely appearance among the bereaved restrained their heart-rending grief. As they surrounded him, he comforted them, whilst, in silence, he prayed that their bitterness, their anguish might be changed to love and peace. Seeing them calmer he gently remarked, "India has always rested on the dharma—on the loyalty and duty of faithful wives. To the call of the Emperor in the day of his need, you have made a splendid response—a sacrifice beyond example. Now your duty is to protect the honor of your country. Sisters! the honor of India is at stake, and it is your duty to live for your home, for your Motherland."

Screams and cries of "Alas! alas! In vain have we cast away our gems—gems of sons!" rent the air. Quieting the women again Mahatma Gandhi remonstrated, "Sisters! This is no time for tears and sighs! Every moment is precious and true success lies in action. Hearken! Throw off foreign tinsel, foreign splendor which has impoverished our Motherland, and caused her children to go ill-fed and naked. To work! to work, my sisters! Reverence the spinning-wheel, and make home-spun cloth. Thus, will you stave off the hungry wolf from your doors, and enrich your Motherland with the wealth which your vanity and selfishness yearly sends into foreign markets. Think —think, sisters, of all the wealth kept—retained in the palm of your own hands. Spin and weave and thus keep it all as a gift to your Motherland, who, with a bounteous hand, will make you a hundred fold return."

Like refreshing dew, the entreaties of the Mahatma fell on their ears, as they listened to him in silence and with great solemnity. It revived them, and up leaped the spirit of energy in their hearts. They replied in a chorus, "Truly the Saint speaks for our good. The War—the War alas! was our undoing. But the Mahatma guards our honor, and keeps the hungry wolf from our doors. To work! to work! Let us spin and weave."

When I sailed from India for Europe, this time last August, 1921, many were the vows taken, both by the educated and the illiterate women all over India to wear

in future home-spun material. Some at once ordered home-spun underlinen; others made dresses, whilst a few made a conflagration of foreign goods, advising the crowd assembled to witness the bonfire, "You do the same, for the Mahatma says it is tainted with disease and is ruinous to our homes. As we would not deliberately pass on cholera or the 'flu' to another, so we must not give these even to the poor. But by example teach them to wear home-spun material and thus saving money get two meals a day, instead of starving. Yes, yes, do as the Saint bids. He dwells nearer to God and is far-sighted."

Hundreds joining hands together reverently bowed, and kissing the earth murmured, "He dharti Mata—O Mother Earth! Forgive! Forgive! Our ignorance has wronged thee. Lovingly now we'll labor and not fail thee."

Morning, noon and night, the "whir, whir!" of the spinning-wheel began to be heard from home to home —from street to street. As the women joyously labored, the chant of "Long life to Mahatma Gandhi! May all success go with the spinning-wheel!" resounded in all parts of India.

India awakened, India chastened by humiliation and sorrow, it is in the hands of the Hindu women, who, though illiterate, are a mighty force in the National Movement, to win the Economic Race slowly and surely as did the tortoise in his game with the hare.

MADAME SUSHILA-DEVI.

Robert Young

[The following letter accompanied an interesting newspaper account of the funeral of Robert Young at Kasugano, Japan. We believe our readers will wish to share the letter as well as extracts from Dr. Jordan's remarks.—EDS.]

Nara, November 16, 1922.

Dear Friend:

On November 10, I went to Kobe to spend the day with one of the noblest of British journalists, an old friend and fellow worker for peace, Robert Young, editor of the *Japan Chronicle*. The day before my arrival Mr. Young died suddenly and I was asked to make the funeral address. This was *ex tempore* but fairly reported in the enclosed clipping.

Mr. Young was intellectually and morally one of the purest men I have known and his clear vision made him perhaps the greatest asset for peace in this region. He was a man austerely moral, very tolerant and helpful to other men, but with no illusions, personal, pious or patriotic. Thence his journal was an expression of what may be called "frozen truth" in international affairs.

Mr. Young was of Scottish parentage, born in London in 1858, and for his whole life connected with the press. He came to Kobe about 1905, in response to an advertisement, and created the *Japan Chronicle* from the little news sheet (*Niogo News*) of the foreign concession.

Very truly yours,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Dr. Jordan, as reported in the *Japan Chronicle*, said that if he had to choose a text for his address he would select the saying of Emerson, "There is nothing sacred at the last but the integrity of your soul." This integrity of soul was the distinguishing characteristic of Robert Young. Many lines of inquiry Robert Young was not interested in pursuing, since he was wholly occupied in the one great search for truth. He was satisfied to believe that the world as God had created it had in it this great element of perfection—that there was nothing higher, nothing more important, and nothing nobler than the truth. And this truth, with unfaltering purposes he always sought. He was gifted with an extraordinary judgment in the search, and where there had been some doubt as to where the truth lay, it was generally Robert Young who proved to be right. It was owing to his insistence on the exact truth that I first met him, and began a friendship which has grown through fifteen years. I had been on a tour through Japan, and, charmed with the hospitality I had experienced, the courtesy with which I had been treated, and the honesty of the common people, I had written an account so glowing that Robert Young found I had praised some things that were not so fair as they outwardly appeared. He pointed out my error which I soon saw for myself, and came to understand how necessary is this crimination. I regarded Robert Young, with his frank and unerring discrimination as to what was good and what was bad, as one of the best friends Japan in her transition ever had.

I found that on all great issues we were in almost complete agreement. Especially were we at one on the great subject of war, which destroys the substance of the nation, disorganizes its trade, pours the savings of the many into the lap of the profiteers, and—worst of all—kills the best, leaving the old and the feeble to carry on the life of the nation and to be the fathers of an enfeebled race. We agreed that war, so far from being ennobling, was degrading, and that if it were long continued, it must end in the common ruin of victor and vanquished. Robert Young has always striven against those forces which make for war, he denounced the policies that led towards the brink. When, however, the worst came, he did not flinch in his duty. War once begun could not be shirked, but must be seen through. So he not only upheld the right in his newspaper, but he gave all his three sons to his country, of whom the eldest died on the field of battle.

Personal contact, after occasional meetings, was renewed in England in 1914, when we saw a good deal of one another. At the request of Robert Young, I preached in the Ethical Society's Church at South Place, on the subject of war, and the necessity for abolishing it. In the corporate work of the Ethical Society, of which Robert Young was a valued member, we found ourselves, as in so much else, in perfect agreement. Later we went together to Ireland, in the early summer, where we went about all over the North, interviewed not only two of the finest men Ireland ever produced, Sir Horace Plunkett and George Russell, but all sorts and conditions of people down to the peasantry. Robert Young's conclusion —our common conclusion—was that there was no solution of the troubles of Ireland except complete independence within the Empire. Entirely severed we did not see how Ireland could exist. Governed by England, we did not see how she could ever have peace. The war came and overwhelmed the whole question for the time being, but the solution Robert Young had advocated appeared to be the true one.

There were three particular lines of thought and study that Robert Young pursued. First, there was the fight against superstition. There was no more devoted believer in the truth, no more constant foe of

superstition—which is a pretence at believing what we should know cannot be true. He was a diligent student of the history of the search for truth, which was the search for freedom. The second line of his studies was the history of his country, and its own struggle for truth and freedom through its political growth. Thirdly, he studied Japan's great transformation, unerringly dividing true progress from false, and, by his sure sense of the truth, proved himself one of Japan's best friends. His criticisms may have hurt sometimes, but they also healed. His one aim was liberty. He wished to secure to every man the right to do as he pleased—within the limit of not injuring his neighbor.

Concerning Robert Young's criticisms of contemporary affairs, we have every reason to believe in their almost invariable justice, they were tonic and helpful. This was the case with regard to his criticisms of Japan, which were inspired by no bias. It was the case with reference to the criticisms, as frequent and as trenchant as any, of British affairs; and he could testify that, when United States institutions or citizens came in for criticism, which had sometimes been the case, the criticism was always well deserved. Robert Young was a wise counsellor in his criticism, and if the nations would only listen to such counsellors they would be saved from their greatest calamities.

It has often seemed that so great a man as Robert Young was wasted in Kobe,—that he might have done more effective work if he had joined some great paper advocating similar principles to his own, such as the London *Nation* or the *Manchester Guardian.* However that might be, it has been of immense benefit to Kobe to have Robert Young's great journal, and Japan herself has been fortunate in having so true and candid a friend.

CORRESPONDENCE

Conditions in Hungary

Dear Friend:

I am delighted to hear from your letter dated October 2nd that you are back again. . . . How much I would like to write you of events and conditions here. But you know of the difficulty. Prices are rising rapidly. The poor, and even the actual workers, can not exist and still things get worse, while the Allies talk of reparations. Were it not that human lives are suffering intensely it were a comedy. The remedy is simple—settle reparations and revise the Treaty with justice presiding. But any way that the great powers decide at present, these miserable conditions will continue and one can only feel the joy and privilege of representing the folks of goodwill in England and America and thus bring some relief and some rays of comfort and hope. It is very little, but it is surprising how many lives are actually encouraged and cheered. In spite of the fact that the chief conversation and thought (and this applies to Berlin and Vienna also, where I stayed) the folks think first of food and how to get enough, there is one thing no victorious nation can conquer and that is the soul of a people. In the three cities I speak of, I see such vast signs that the real things still live on in spite of the outward material thing. One feels that relief work is only a palliative but still it has its place until the economic and international conditions alter for the better.

Soon I hope to begin in real earnest my work for the refugees, the tubercular children and the families of the political interned and imprisoned. How you would rejoice to have seen the happiness of the two young men (a Jew and a Christian) I freed from the political internment camp last April, when they met me this last week. One brings his young wife and small child to see me tonight. . . . One had hoped to do more constructive relief work this year but the prospects look bad. It seems this winter will be the worst of all, as the weeks bring more and more middle class families into the poverty list. So many families have existed by selling unnecessary furniture, ornaments, etc., and for that there comes the end. Well, I feel so encouraged to think you are in such full sympathy with my coming out to do my bit. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

FRED HANKINSON.

Relief Mission, Hotel Hungaria, Budapest, Hungary.

Future War and the World War

A sermon by Dr. Harry E. Fosdick—"Shall We End War?"—is being widely distributed by workers for peace.

Dr. Fosdick's sermon is a very strong presentation of the case against future war. Its effectiveness would be even greater if it contained a few frank words of regret, not to say repentance, for our country's participation, with the almost unanimous support of the Christian ministers, in the World War.

This eminent Christian leader published in 1917 a little book entitled, "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," intended, according to the author's foreword, to help the Christian to "harmonize his ideals with his necessities of action in a time of war." That we should engage in collective homicide seemed to Dr. Fosdick in 1917 "necessary." Does he still think it was necessary, now that five years have passed? His sermon does not answer the question. Every one of his six main propositions contains the face-saving words, "any more,"—thus: "There is nothing glorious about war any more." "War is not a school for virtue any more." "We cannot reconcile Christianity and war any more." "Any more," indeed! Was there anything "glorious" about war in 1917, or ever, for that matter? Was war in 1917, or at any other time, "a school for virtue"? Could Christianity and war be "reconciled" in 1917, or in any other year since the Teacher of Christians said to his disciples, "Love your enemies"?

If Dr. Fosdick thought in 1917 that Christianity could be reconciled with war, as he did, and if he still thinks that it was the Christian's duty in 1917 to help in the business of slaughtering fellow-men to which our idealistic President and our noble and enlightened Congress summoned us, what makes him now think that he will never do the like again? He has much to say on the increased efficiency of modern methods of wholesale killing and on the expensiveness of the process. But the war had been going on for nearly three years in Eupore before we entered it, and Dr. Fosdick must have known about the methods employed, when he advocated our participation, almost as well as he does now.

What is the full significance of this caveat: "I am not a theoretical pacifist. I do not hold my ethics in a vacuum apart from the actualities. I recognize the place of force, of massed force if need be, in exigencies where other mthods fail"? Does Dr. Fosdick mean by "theoretical pacifist" those who objected to our participation in the late war? Does he mean by the "use of force, of massed force if need be," anything else than war? Are there ever exigencies in which other methods than war fail? And does war succeed in such exigencies? The words appear to mean, if they mean anything, that war is sometimes necessary. Dr. Fosdick gives no sign that he now sees that he was mistaken in 1917 in that he thought it necessary for our country to go to war. On the contrary he seems to take particular pains to guard against such an inference. No militarist would ask for any greater concession. For if war was indeed necessary in 1917, there is no reasonable doubt that it will be necessary in the future, and the advocates of military and naval readiness can not be answered.

What are Dr. Fosdick's criteria of necessity for the use of "massed force"? He has never specified them. "Exigencies where other methods fail" is a wide-open door for Mars.

Until Christian leaders, and others reputed our best and wisest, who supported our country's late enterprise of collective homicide and looked down with mingled scorn and pity on the tiny group of pacifists, see and confess that they made a dreadful mistake, the cause of peace can make but little real progress among us. George D. Herron has poured out his anguish of soul because he did his utmost to persuade, first Italy, and then the United States, to enter the war. Upton Sinclair, who was a pro-war Socialist and adoring Wilsoniac, has said that he wishes his war-record were as clean as that of Eugene Debs. John Dewey has admitted grudgingly, with ungenerous thrusts at the pacifists, that the war failed to promote idealistic ends. Herbert Croly, of the *New Republic,* has

published a defense so lame as to be in effect a reluctant confession of error. Who else? What Christian ministers, what college presidents or professors, what editors, what "liberals"?

The case is so clear! War is palpable as well as hideous folly. It is the antithesis of common-sense, of civilization, of democracy, of society itself. Its logical issue is the suicide of the human race. In particular it is the flouting of Christianity. Christian ministers have it in their power to abolish war. Their united efforts would be effectual. Now is the accepted time!

In writing of Dr. Fosdick I have in mind other eminent Christian leaders, advocates, like him, of collective homicide in certain circumstances, such as Newell D. Hillis, Charles A. Eaton, William L. Sullivan, Bishop William Lawrence, George A. Gordon, President William H. P. Faunce, Charles E. Jefferson, President George E. Horr, Bishop William T. Manning, Edward Cummings, Henry van Dyke, John R. Mott—to name a few. Will such men permit the American people to think that our entrance into the war was necessary, or wise, or Christian, with the inevitable inference therefrom that in the future another war may likewise be morally obligatory? It is hard to believe that they will. But it is high time for them to speak.

Brookline, Mass., Nov. 7, 1922. HENRY W. PINKHAM.

Freedom

Editor UNITY.

There is no accounting for human minds and their reactions. Evidently you are a Socialist. I am an individualist. Do these names mean anything? Perhaps not. Nevertheless from the individualistic standpoint we ought not to believe in any invasion of a human being's rights. We ought not to believe in any special privilege land ownership, patents, public utilities, etc., etc. As a Socialist I presume you believe in collective ownership of the means of production which an individualist would claim would be more effective through voluntary cooperation. However, while we may differ as to ultimates what should be our attitude to our public and private business as we find it today? Your editorial column in issue of UNITY of Oct. 19th is illuminating and to me contradictory—excuse the Irish bull. Illuminating for the news value but not otherwise. You comment on European affairs by saying Europe is bankrupt. This we will agree is due to imperialism and privilege. Your reference to the ruins of the past is significant. Hence it means any extension of government beyond that necessary to maintain equal freedom must of necessity fail because the mind is so complex that the least reason for thinking one is injured or treated unfairly makes for an obsession to get even, adherents take sides and conflict ensues. Even if obviously a better civilization is to be had by extension of functions of the State the inevitable result must be disaster. You comment on Attorney General Daugherty assuming power and authority in conflict with the Constitution and our right to impeach, but the rarity of impeachment shows how prone we are to "leave things as they are" and not to resist. What becomes of the claims of Socialists everything will be made right under Socialism when a usurper and a tyrant arises? Will the human be any more responsive than today? Admitting we will be better educated under Socialism has the wit of man found any way to prevent inertia, indifferentism, easy going acceptance of things as they are notwithstanding the acute danger of the dictator and the all powerful personalities who love power for its own sake. Why enlarge the compulsory relations of men? Why not decrease the obligatory and simply let people come together as equals before the law, and with equality believe the hidden forces will develop strong men and women who will not be invasive. You then comment on the present statutes referring to prohibition with the implication you believe in the prohibitory laws. From the point of view of a Socialist it is perfectly consistent. From the standpoint of an individualist not so. If restrictions of a Constitution do not hinder a Daugherty what kind of a regulatory law will hinder an "appointed person" (Whitman) from doing exactly the same thing under Socialism. Vice, crime, including laws against the traffic in narcotics, the Mann act, etc., are all questions at issue. If we have imbeciles, idiots, morons, insane folk of various sorts at large we wish to protect ourselves against them and their acts. What ought we do against these injuries today? Not in the future but today? Should we clap a law on the books as soon as we see an evil? This does not appeal to me. If a person commits murder we ought to restrain the murderer of his liberty, educate him, make him support the defendants of the one murdered. Perhaps under such a proposition the defendants would be better educated than if the one murdered had lived. The man so restrained and educated may evolve into a superior type of individual and make amends in other ways to society and the one injured. Likewise with invasions through injury by the use of narcotics, of liquor, of any form of vice or crime. Let us protect ourselves from the actors of injury by restraint until we can be sure of improvement and make them give an adequate compensation to those injured. In the current *Freeman* is a comment that certain taxes cost ten per cent of amount realized to collect. Pile up laws and the enforcers become as vicious tyrants as the evildoers themselves.

I long for the day when man can fly spiritually. He cannot do this with the thought of a boss, be it a state or an individual. Love must be free. We constantly long for the unattainable. Let us approximate it by giving as large a portion of liberty as it is possible to give. Not through restriction seen or unseen externally will we learn to fly. We are made to love. Are we made to hate? I cannot believe it. Hate is ignorance. Ignorance implies the necessity of freedom, and more freedom, and more freedom endlessly. The wit of man is playing us false today because we want to regulate and keep on regulating. Trust man in voluntary effort to regulate rather than through statute law, is the faith of

Yours sincerely,

Chicago. MORRIS LYCHENHEIM.

The Greco-Turkish Struggle

To the Editor of UNITY:—

I find that Rev. John Haynes Holmes, in an article in a recent issue of UNITY, attributes the Greco-Turkish struggle to the madness of Lloyd-George. Is Mr. Holmes aware that the Greek occupation of Smyrna and outlying districts was unanimously determined upon by the Supreme Council at San Remo? Is he also aware that if France had remained faithful to her Cilician mandate, as agreed between the Allies, until after the treaty of peace had been concluded between the Allies and the Turks, and had not left all her arms and ammunitions to them, the Kemalist army would not have been in a position to start the offensive against the Greek army of occupation which would thus have been able to continue to maintain order as it had been doing?

As to stopping the mad rush of the Kemalists at Chanak and other parts of the neutral zone, that was also in accordance with previous Allied arrangements which, it seems to me, Lloyd-George did well to stand by. I, for one, cannot contemplate with equanimity the thought of another Smyrna in Constantinople and Eastern Thrace.

In this same connection, it may not be amiss to remember that in the eyes of the Greeks *the Turks are the invaders,* and the fact that their invasion dates five hundred years back no more invalidates the Grecian claims than did the English invasion of Ireland which, I believe, dates back still further.

Is it not all too probable that the Balkan states and all eastern Europe would be now embroiled in war had the Turkish army been allowed to invade Constantinople and Thrace unchecked? The outrages which always accompany Turkish invasions would have been so enormous that doubtless a combination of Balkan states would have immediately plunged into the conflict. In this case, at least, Lloyd-George used the might of the Empire in the interests of peace and humanity. It was owing to the force threatened by England, and not through the "moderation of Kemal," that such conflict was averted.

From such moderation as Kemal showed at Smyrna one could only pray most earnestly to be delivered. For some slight but telling description of what this was, I commend the readers of UNITY to the article, in *The Woman Citizen* of November 4, by Dr. Esther Pohl Lovejoy, Chairman of the American Women's Hospitals, and President of the Medical Women's International Association, who was in Smyrna at the time of the evacuation. G. H. PAPAZIAN.

6 *Ellsworth Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.*
9 *November,* 1922.

"Is the Church Christian?"

December 1, 1922.

Editor of UNITY:

I enjoy UNITY with an enjoyment that ever increases; it has edge and bite to it and expresses itself clearly, not, as the Gentiles do, "seeking to cover paucity of thought and uncertainty of opinion with vigor of utterance."

I am especially interested in the article in the November 23 issue, "Is the Church Christian?" Of course the answer must inevitably be in the negative. But I should like to put a further question to you or Mr. Argow, namely: "Was it ever Christian?" I mean, of course, within the memory of man.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

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SEE THE JOB THROUGH.

Americans have saved the lives of millions of Russian children, women and men by contributions for famine relief.

Now the new harvests are coming—but our task is not over. If the peasants are to continue to raise surplus grain, they must be paid for it by manufactured products. Russian industry must revive. If Russia cannot produce manufactories, there will be more starvation.

Russia has labor, raw materials and factories. But she lacks working capital to set these elements going. Capital is needed to buy small articles of equipment. It is needed for a thousand purposes. This working capital must come from abroad. The Russian-American Industrial Corporation offers a practical way to furnish it.

For every dollar that you have put into famine relief, put two into Russian industry.

The plan for the organization of a million-dollar corporation described in this prospectus is an outgrowth of a visit by Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, to Russia, in the summer of 1921. While in Russia Mr. Hillman addressed himself to the problem of the economic reconstruction of that country. He met Lenin and other members of the Soviet government.

In Moscow and Petrograd, and in several of the smaller towns, he studied the status of industry and the operation of Russian economic organization. In particular he observed the conduct of textile and clothing factories and the degree to which these industries were meeting the needs of Russia. Like many of the foreign observers, he came at once to the conclusion that the revival of Russian industry and hence of Russian economic life must wait upon the diversion into Russia of a substantial fund of foreign capital. The outcome of conversations between Hillman and the representatives of the Soviet Government, was an offer by the latter of the concession of certain clothing and textile factories, then and now in operation in Moscow and Petrograd, provisional upon the raising in the United States of a fund of $1,000,000. This fund will be used in the purchase of additional equipment and supplies, so that the factories will yield an increasing product for the use of the Russian people.

Specifically the proposed concession consists of six factories in Petrograd and three factories in Moscow, now operating and manufacturing a substantial product of suits, shirts, underwear, caps, gloves, overcoats, other articles of dress and certain textile products. These factories are, at the time the concession is accepted, employing 7,000 operatives. While the factories are running at a high level of efficiency and are constantly improving the quality and quantity of their output, they lack additional and improved equipment and larger supplies for the working force before they can attain a high enough level of efficiency to permit a substantial increase in their output.

Control Over the Concessions.—The enterprise is to be managed by a central board composed of representatives of the Supreme Council of National Economy of the Soviet Government and of the Russian-American Industrial Corporation; each side commanding an equal number of votes irrespective of the number of representatives.

This Central Board is charged with the general administration and technical management of all the enterprises and combinations of enterprises.

The American Company will be in charge of the handling of the money subscribed, and the spirit of the undertaking is that this company will actively participate in the management.

Practical executives will be at the head of the enterprise. The Financial Adviser is W. O. Thompson, formerly President of the N. K. Fairbank Co., and of the American Cotton Oil Co.

Guarantee of the Investment.—The whole property invested by the Russian-American Industrial Corporation is guaranteed in the concession by the Supreme Council of National Economy of the Soviet Government. The Soviet Government transfers to the Central Board the aforementioned factories in Moscow and Petrograd, with all buildings, equipment, machines, auxiliary enterprises and stores of raw materials and fuel which are to be found in the factories at the time of the transfer. The Central Board, furthermore, is ordered to take an inventory and make an evaluation of all the property received by it in terms of prevailing gold prices in the international market.

At the Fifth Biennial Convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, President Hillman reported on his trip to Russia. He described his interview with the representatives of the Soviet Government, his survey of the clothing industry in Russia, and he reiterated his belief in the political and economic stability of the existing Russian government. He recommended, therefore, that the Amalgamated take the initiative in launching in Russia industrial enterprises that would lead to the economic rehabilitation of the country and its peoples. As an indication of the investment possibilities of Russia he pointed to the scramble for concessions already begun by the capitalists of many countries. And he concluded with the hope that workingmen and women of the United States and those who desired the revival of industrial life in Russia would not hesitate to lend all their efforts and resources.

Immediately upon the close of Mr. Hillman's address, the convention unanimously adopted a resolution, authorizing the officers of the organization to organize an American corporation to enter in the necessary arrangements with the Soviet Government, to set aside $50,000 as the initial investment of the organization in this corporation and to set aside $10,000 for the initial expense in organizing the enterprise.

On June 2, 1922, there was organized under the laws of the State of Delaware, the Russian-American Industrial Corporation, empowered "to manufacture and sell clothing in foreign countries, either directly or by agreement with others."

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Did "Christians" ever practice collectively what they preached? There have been individual Christians, but was there ever Christian Church or Christian nation?

I have before my mind's eye an elderly deacon in a Baptist Church somewhere in the Middle West, standing beneath a flaming gas-jet and telling us what Christ had done for him. But this calls up another picture. This deacon was a grocer, *the* grocer, of the small town. A poor man, a blacksmith, a member of this same church, went out to fight for the Union. He came home grievously ill. He could not pay the elderly deacon. Therefore the deacon had him dismissed from the fellowship of the church. The deacon was known to be a man of sharp practice.

Another man in this same congregation was a coal dealer who sold underweight.

The believer will say, "These men were exceptions." I think not. "It does not do to mix religion and business." That is the motto of such men and churches were and are full of them.

Mr. Argow complains—and quotes Fort Newton to substantiate his contention—that we are no longer a Christian nation but a pagan. Well, in the first place, we never *were* a Christian nation. In the second, which is the more ethical: to be a nation of professing Christians but practicing pagans, or to be out and out confessed pagans? No one is so contemptible as the hypocrite. Is it not a step forward if we openly admit that we are selfish, egocentric, trying to get all we can out of life? Freud has done something for us, if we see ourselves as we are.

Furthermore, to call us a "nation of pagans" is extremely hard on the pagans. What of Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, to say nothing of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle? When has any "Christian nation" reached the heights of self-abnegation and altruism these men reached?

If we are on the road to their kind of paganism, I shall begin to grow optimistic for America's future. This is beginning to be an age of frankness. The young people of today know all they ought to know and are not ashamed to talk about it. We begin to look ourselves and our institutions straight in the face. Far better that we see ourselves for what we are and openly confess it, than to "rationalize" the situation by hiding our shortcomings under the cloak of the Gospel of Jesus.

I think, on the whole, I prefer to be a pagan.

Sincerely,
WALTER S. SWISHER.

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